# The Red Circle

A Mystery Romance of Heredity

# By Albert Payson Terhune

The Newest PATHE Picture, Now Being Presented at the Leading Motion Picture Theatres of Greater New York

"The Red Circle," repeated Borden dully. "It is still there, on my hand, always there. And it has marked one member in every generation of my family. The person marked by it has always been a criminal. The 'Decoration of the Curse of Heaven,' I have heard it called!" : :

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### CHAPTER I.

## Never more!

you feel a oraving to call me names," Max Lamar used to say, 'oall me a horsethief or a mental error or even a dove of peace. But, unless you want to start trouble, don't call me a detective I'm not a detective. I am a crime specialist. If you don't believe me, look at my card. 'Max Lamar, Crime Specialist.' to the expense of getting that engraved, just for a joke.

"A stage detective goes in for disguises and flashlights. A real-life detectwo goes in for square toes and stool pigeons. I don't use any of those frills. pecialist. As much of a specialist as the doctor who thumps your

But Max Lamar himself was the only person who did not call Max at her touch he whirled savagely upon her, his lips drawn back from the detective; yes, and one of the very eleverest detectives the city had his yellowed teeth, his left fist own. He had a positive genius for the man hunt. His was the alertly elemented and half raised, as if to own. He had a positive genius for the man hunt. His was the alertly probing brain of the scientist; coupled with the buildog streak of the ideal

He had served for years on the city's crack central office detective squad. arm and thrusting him back from the Then, while he was still under thirty, he had laid down enough money and frightened girl. The thrust sent aid up enough reputation to leave the force and go into business for himself.

His first move, as a free agent, had been to drop the abhorred name of etactive" and to substitute the less objectionable term of "crime specialist," which now adorned his cards and the glass door of his airy little office,

In this office sat Lamar, one spring of soul and of face. Impatient at the morning, trying to coax a suiky eigar idle, futlie life of the girls in her own into good behavior and, between puffs, walk of life, she had chosen to change dictating a letter to Edith Hayes, his stenographer.

It was a lazy morning, and Lamar's She had learned how cold and desonance of the comportance of the comportance into the late the description of the comportance into the late the world may be to men who

It was a lazy morning, and Lamar's worned steel-trap activity had taken late the world may be to men who have fust paid their prison debt to the weather and the unexacting day the State. And she made a point of that seemed to lie ahead of him. The speak words of cheer to them, to find grounds to-day, and he planned to speak words of cheer to them, to find swork for them, of them to let them have such work for them, of them to let them have speak words of cheer to them, to find swork for them, of them to let them have such that should keep them honest until they could gain employment. To-day June had heard that "Circle" Jim Borden's sentence was to expire at noon. So noon found her at 11.30 A. M. I regret and her mother in the Warden's office awaiting the convict's appearance.

that a pressing businoss engagement for this afternoon will prevent"—

A clerk hurried in from the antercom, laid a special delivery letter on his chief's desk and vanished again into his own domain. At sight of the envelope's handwriting some of the unusual laziness left Lamar's face and the fact and set his feet in better ways.

"It was the worden's appearance. The Warden, a man as kindly as his stern employment would permit, guard, and the incorrigible prisoner. It am one could soften Jim Borden's lam beart and set his feet in better ways.

"It was the worden's appearance. The Warden, a man as kindly as his term employment would permit, and the incorrigible prisoner. It am one could soften Jim Borden's appearance. The warden, a man as kindly as his term employment would permit, guard. And the incorrigible prisoner. It am one could soften Jim Borden's appearance. The warden, a man as kindly as his term employment would permit, guard. And the incorrigible prisoner. It am one could soften Jim Borden's appearance. manner. At a giance down the single it was surely such a girl as this. official sheet of paper as he ripped it remembering Jim's record, the from the envelope the very last trace den had grave doubts.

of indolence was gone.

"Miss Hayes," he said, "the ball "Circle Jim" Borden.
game to-day will lack its most ardent
The door of the W fan. And never mind finishing that letter. I'll have to get out of here in"—looking at his watch—'in just twenty minutes. I've got to go to

you entered private practice I have no one familiar with the methods of this master crook. Please keep an eye on him, RANDOLPH ALLEN, "Chief of Police." "I—I don't understand," said the

stenographer. "If you're in business for yourself, why snould the Chief of Police be giving you orders?"
"He isn't. He's giving me a chance. A chance he knows I'd be willing to pay for with a couple of my eye teeth. That's why he wrote to me. Old

The Back Circle's decheded. A first set of Anarchies' Im Bordens. A course of Anarchies' Im Bordens and Be simply stood in weary circle on the back of this riskt hand. A cricle he sets his nickname from A cricle his no na his passed to accent the set of the two menthe way many cricle and the should be at liberty

The watch years the a critical his nickname from A cricle his no novelty to him the history of the same factory was now his revolved from the same factory of the same factory of the man little to look at June 1 and the should be at liberty and the s where the pears it a pears it a pears it a pears it appears it app

He slipped a revolver from the deak drawer into his pocket, unnoticed by the stenographer, and left the office on his mission.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! So sorry!" said Helicat district gang to whom "Circular you have some one—some daughter or son—or son—for whose was graced by the presence of two women who were frequent and two were frequent and two were frequent and two were frequent and the sweet-faced mother.

June was a girl of rare beauty, both

A Wasted Plea.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! So sorry!" said Helicat district gang to whom "Circular June, in quick sympathy. "But—but delle" Jim Borden's name was one whore with to conjure—the gain with whom his father had sternly forbid—ake you can live honestly. Some son, one some of the Helicat district gang to whom "Circular June, in quick sympathy. "But—but delle" Jim Borden's name was one whorewith to conjure—the gains with whom his father was a crook. The father was a crook. The father was a crook. The presence of the father's old recommendation of the Helicat district gang to whom "Circular June, in quick sympathy. "But—but delle" Jim Borden's name was one whom his father had sternly forbid—ake you can live honestly. Some son, one some one—some daughter or son—for whose whom his father was a crook. The father was a crook. The father was a crook whom his father was a crook. The father was a crook whom his father was a crook. The father was a crook whom his father had sternly forbid—the father had sternly forbid—the father had sternly forbid—the father had sternly forbid—the father's old recommendation of the Helicat district gang to whom "Circle" Jim Borden's name was one whom his father had sternly forbid—the father's old recommendation of the Helicat district gang to whom "Circle" Jim Borden's name was one whom his father had sternly forbid—the father's old recommendation of the Helicat district gang to whom "Circle" Jim Borden's name was one the Helicat district gang to whom "Circle" Jim Borden's name was one whom his father had sternly forbid—the father's old recommen

tight on the money, crushing it to a wad. Then he flung it to the pavement and turned sharply away.

Again the girl sought to detain him.

strike.
This was too much for the chival-"Circle" Jim caroming against a clean cut young man who had just rounded the corner toward the gate,

"Scuse me, Mr. Lamar," began the Jim had recovered his balance and, disregarding the others, strode toward June, muttering angry incoherences. Lamar, in one double gesture, slipped his own athletic body between the two and drew a revolver from his hip

levelled the weapon at Borden, who instinctively threw up his hands. As he did so the guard pinioned him from behind. "Here," said Lomar, briskly, as he

packeted the revolver and pulled out a pair of shining little handcuffs, "help me put these on him." "No, no," begged June. "It was my fault. Please let him go. Please do."

Lamar shrugged his shoulders.

Turn him loose," he ordered the the street like a bullet grazed wolf. Lamar turned to June, raising his

soft hat.
"I hope he didn't frighten you," he said. "Really, you shouldn't have interceded for him just now. If you

The door of the Warden's office opened. A keeper stepped into the room, ashering in a square-built man of fifty.

The man with the keeper was clad in an ill-fitting suit of gray, bearing in its every badly cut line the unmission.

"The glad I didn't," she made answer. "And thank you for coming to my aid, Mr. Lamar. I"—
"You—you know my name?" he stammered. "Yet I'm sure I never met you. If I had I couldn't have forgotten."
"No." she laughed, embarrassed.

The man with the keeper was clad in an ill-fitting suit of gray, bearing in its every baddy cut line the unmistakable sign of "prison-made."

"Mr. Lamar!" stammered the girl. The powerful fisure was lean; the still too new in her employer's service to know when he was in earnest. "It's true," he answered. "Listen to this."

He picked up the note and read aloud:

"Mr. Max Lamar, Crime Specialist." Specialist. "Mr. Max Lamar, Crime Specialist." Specialist. "Mr. Max Lamar, Crime Specialist." Specialist. "Mr. Dear Max: 'Circle' Jim Borden of the prison stoop. Clothes, face and bearing stamped the man as society's fee and victim. The dull first that smoldered behind the decuset eyes gave scant hope of a broken or penited out to me at the opera one ovening by Charlie Graham, a chum of yours. He told me all about your detective work. And it interested me tremendously. You see, I had never met a real, live det"—

"Crime specialist." put in Lamar. "Crime specialist." put in Lamar. "Crime specialist." put in Lamar. "Travis," answered June, adding: "Travis," answered June, adding:

tent spirit.
Yet, in that heavy face were marks
The "Oh, here is my mother. I want you

Yet, in that heavy face were marks of intellect, character, power. The man might have used all three to rise to great heights. Instead, he had chosen to employ them to sound the lowest depths. At sight of him June's heart gave a queer little throb. She did not know why.

The Warden rose to his feet, smiling, and stretching out his hand to the newcomer.

"Goodby, Jim," he said, pleasantly, "Goodby, Jim," he said, pleasantly, "Goodby, Jim," he said, pleasantly, "Goodby himself trying to recall every found himself trying to recall every

e newcomer.
"Goodby, Jim," he said, pleasantly. found himself trying to recall every inflection of June Travis's sweet voice.

"I hope you're going to take a brace this time. You can do it if you try.

crook. Ain't you not no manners at all half-inch above the top you.

If it angres you to have me talk to you, won't you at less take this, to help you along unity for you. If it angres you to have me talk to you, won't you at less and ten-cent whisky he could it have me talk to you, won't you at less and ten-cent whisky he could thrust them into 2 hours for enough cash to him. The belind him, half above the finite of the grant of the pocket; being thrust out of its agreement and thrust them into 2 hours of the pocket; being thrust out of its agreement and thrust them into 2 hours of the pocket; being thrust out of its agreement at all half-inch above the top you.

If it is the ority way out, son. We are a uran to the world, you and single and right.

For he and Ted were not the yard's lift, head of the pocket; being thrust out of its and right.

For he and Ted were not the yard's lift head, "continued Spudsy deright hand," continued Spudsy deright hand," continued Spudsy deright hand," continued Spudsy deright hand," continued Spudsy deright hand, "continued Spudsy deright hand," continued Spudsy as the prize there with the laddered this hold on the useless weaked. "An' on the back of his fast potential place." The Pirate King, in private life, was a life, being thrust the head were not the yard's hold of the ward of the sevent hand," in the head were during handless the held of the stand of the content hand, and he was the life that the potential place. The well one has been deright hand, continued Spudsy and as the life head with his the lead were not the yard's hold of the large head of the head of the large head were the life head with his head of the he

One lightning look revealed to the crouching Borden the face of Max Lamar. In the same instant "Circle" Jim iaunched himself upon his foe. He caught in both glant hands the fingers that held the revolver, and bent back Lamar's wrist with a swift and powerful wrench that threatened to snap its whole network of bones.

As he seized Max's wrist Borden dropped heavily upon both knees on the top of the trap door. Down crashed the heavy trap, reinforced by Jim's solld weight. The door edges bit deep and agonizingly into the flesh of Lamar's forcarm.

Under this dual assault the revolver fell from Max's helpless fingers.

boy to set an example for. That—that worthless drunkard pickpocket is the boy I've got. He and I are the only tightened on the trigger. Lamar, Bordens left. And—and he's a cur!" gathering all his second to limber the broadingly to the Red Circle on the back of his inert hand. Long he sat, motionless, his let went wild. In another instant the wretched eyes on the limply snrawled table was overturned, and the two figure before him. From time to men, locked in furious embrace, were time, the man's harsh line barted in fighting for possession of the weapon.

Borden, as he spoke, raised the revolver a few inches, and his lingur. Lamar barely had time, as the car vanished in swirl of traffic, to catch sight of its number. With shaking fineers he lotted down in his notebook:

"Cal: 106591. The Red Circle!" be babbled dazedly, "The Red Circle again!"

June involuntarily shrank. Then he money for them both—until "Circle" back over his shoulder to make certainty as a guard threw open the gate leading from the priors of the street cutside June caught up with Borden at more him, timidly, as he haused a moment, tresolute, on the object of the content of the

sleeping soy, he left the room, closing the door behind him.

"He will never know!" muttered Borden, as he came out into the other room. "He will die in his sleep. Gas is mercifully painless. And now it's my own turn. My own—turn. A quicker death and less easy to bear than"—

He checked himself; the big shoulders tensing; head thrust forward, eyes alight. For, almost under his feet, he heard a muffled sound of some one stumbiling in the dark.

Trapped!

Borden understood. His secret hiding place had been discovered. An enemy, even now, was crawling through the passageway beneath him. His thoughts of self-murder vanished; swept away by the wild beast instinct to protect its lair.

Noiselessly, he slipped to the trap door, and stood crouching and alert just behind its hinge. A second later the trap began to rise. Inch by inch it was lifted from below.

A pistol muzzle protruded from the narrow opening; then a hand, an arm, and a human head.

Sudsy as they had stood chatting to estered to fury, Borden as treet corner.

With a roar of fury, Borden smatched up the overturned table and buried by with all his force at the charging policemen; then followed up that being adapt the overturned table and on its smatched up the overturned table and on its supported to the unguarded trapdoor.

The foremost policeman caught the charging policeman caught the sunguarded trapdoor.

The foremost policeman caught the same had and a trapdoor.

The foremost policeman caught the charging policeman caught the sunguarded trapdoor.

The foremost policeman caught the charging policeman caught the same had and a trapdoor.

The foremost policeman caught the same had and a trapdoor.

The two policeman caught the same had and a trapdoor.

Lamar did not join in the triple said: "My son is in that bedroom and or opened it and entered.

The two policeman caught the same of the very entrance of the trap.

I am a did not join in the friple said: "My son is in that bedroom.

The two policeman caught the same had a trapdoor.

The two policeman caug

A pistol muzzle protruded from the narrow opening; then a hand, an arm, and a human head.

One lightning look revealed to the crouching Borden the face of Max succeed in tearing the gun away from the policeman. But he did manage to catch the latter's mistol hand in

and agonizingly into the flesh of Lamar's forcarm.

Under this dual assault the revolver fell from Max's helpless fingers. Borden pocketed it, rose from the door, again seized Max by the wrist and, with one mighty tug, dragged him up into the room, slamming the trap shut behind him.

Lamar, recovering his balance, found himself facing a levelled revolver—his own—and behind it the writhing face of "Circle" Jim Borden.

"Hands up!" snarled Borden. "Upi Upi—So!"

He stood for a moment glaring in cold triumph at his helpless enemy. Then he spoke, slowly, hungrily, from between hard-clenched teeth.

"Sit down!" he said.

Lamar, in no way cowed, but seeing the suicidal foily of resisting, obeyed. Borden seated himself at the far side of a deal table, facing his guest; pistol still levelled.

"Max Lamar," he said in the same slow, deep voice that robbed his words of any melodrama taint, "you've sent me to prison three times. Now I've got you."

Lamar merely smiled, shrugging his ghoulders good naturedly, "It seems to be your turn," he said, with no trace of fear, "and a fortyfour Colt is an argument that has no come-back. Hetter luck next time."

"There will be no next time," answered Borden. "Either for you or for me. This is the end of the road For all three of us."

"All three of us."

"Al

Both of us," Borden corrected the had caught up the one rickety chair and, stiffing and dizzy, had sylver the doctor," lightly assent-smashed open the window with it.

Lamar, his brain busy calculating After leaning out for a moment to get back his breath and to steady the ed Lamar, his brain busy calculating the probable length of time it would back his breath and to steady the take Spudsy to find and bring along a policeman. He wondered morbidly if to the bed, selzed Ted's timp body and

There he laid the boy beside his Lamar's eye roved from the black father and, kneeling, felt his pulse pistol muzzle to the scarred hand that and listened at the narrow chest for sound of heartheats.

"She asked—she asked me," he murmured fulf-aloud, "she asked me if terrible, slow voice, "make ready to
I had a son to live honestly for. A meet him!"

Borden, as he spoke, raised the reboy to set an example for. That—that
Borden, as he spoke, raised the reLamar barely had time, as the car
Lamar barely had time, as the car



Circle Jim is my quarry. I've landed him three times for the Chief, and it looks as if I were going to make it.

I were going to make the sullen contempt in the sullen contempt in the going to dearwhalf to the going to make the sullen contempt in the going to make a grab at the income.

I were going to make it.

I were going to make the sullen contenpt in the sullencement in the

The Second Chapter of

"THE RED CIRCLE" Will be published Friday, Dec. 24.